



WWW.TOPCOW.COM

\$4.95 US

THE FIRST EVER CROSSOVER BETWEEN CHAOS AND TOP COW  
WOHL · MANAPUL · LIVESAY · SMITH · OREAMER



# WITCHBLADE

## Lady Death



REPRINTED FROM THE TOP COW COMICS LADY DEATH AND LADY DEATH EAST RIGHTS

# LADY WITCHBLADE DEATH



STORY DAVID WOHL : PENCILS FRANCIS MANAPUL : INKS LIVESAY  
 COLORS JONATHAN D. SMITH : LETTERS DREAMER DESIGN'S : JOHN FARMER OF NIS HEISLER  
 EDITOR RENAE GEERLINGS : EDITOR IN CHIEF DAVID WOHL  
 PENCIL ASSISTS JEFF FARRIS : INK ASSISTS MARCO GILL : EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS KIM COMPTON, STACEY WAGNER, AND SHARON GRACE  
 DESIGN PETER FIEDERWALD : PRODUCTION ALVIN COATS  
 COVER FRANCIS MANAPUL/LIVESAY/JOHN STARR

FOR PREVIEW, READING, AND INFO GO TO [www.topcow.com](http://www.topcow.com) E-MAIL: [feedback@topcow.com](mailto:feedback@topcow.com)

ADDRESS CORRESPONDENCE TO: WITCHBLADE/LADY DEATH C/D TOP COW PRODUCTIONS INC. 10390 SANTA MONICA BLVD SUITE 110 LOS ANGELES, CA 90025

FOR IMAGE: JIM VALENTINO, artist; DIRECT IMAGE, production director; FOR TOP COW: MARC SILVESTRI, chief executive officer; NATI BAPPEN, president / chief operating officer; DAVID WOOD, president of creative efforts / editor in chief; PETER STENGERWALD, vice president and design / art director; RENAE GEERLINGS, managing editor; FRANK NASTONIAKOWSKI, director of sales and marketing; ALVIN COATS, general projects coordinator  
 FOR CHAOS: WILLIAM POLIAM, president / publisher; FRANCISCA POLIAM, vice president; ADAM CALVERT, vice president of editorial operations; CHAD SILVERMAN, vice president; NICK FRANCIS, assistant editor



DIRECT SALES



01111



7 09853 53003 9

WITCHBLADE/LADY DEATH® Vol. 1, Issue 1, NOVEMBER 2001. FIRST PRINTING. Published by Image Comics Inc. Office of Publication: 1071 North Batavia Street Suite A Orange, California 92667. \$4.95 US. Witchblade® it's logo, all related characters and their likenesses are ®,™ & © 2001 Top Cow Productions Inc. Chaos! Comics and all Associated characters are trademarks owned by Chaos! Comics Inc. ©2001 Chaos! Comics Inc. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. The entire contents of this book are ® & © 2001 Top Cow Productions Inc. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this book may be reprinted in any form without the express written consent of Marc Silvestri or Top Cow Productions Inc.

PRINTED IN CANADA

"OKAY. HERE'S MY TAKE.

"THREE GIRLS, OF THE BRIDGE  
AND TUNNEL VARIETY, COME  
TO THE CITY LOOKING FOR  
EXCITEMENT.

"THEY MEET THREE GUYS—  
PROBABLY LATE-TEENS OR  
EARLY TWENTIES, PROBABLY  
GOOD LOOKING.

"...DEFINITELY EXCITING.

"IT'S GETTING LATE. LAST TRAIN  
TO MORGANVILLE LEAVES IN 20  
MINUTES. BUT THE GUYS HAVE  
A BETTER IDEA.

"THERE'S THIS PARTY PAD LIKE  
THREE, FOUR BLOCKS FROM  
WHERE THEY ARE.

"THE GIRLS WORK OUT  
A STORY FOR THE FOLKS  
AND SAY THEY'RE IN."

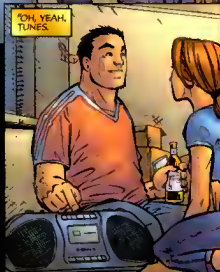
"BUILDING USUALLY HAS  
A DOORMAN. APPARENTLY  
HE'S ELSEWHERE WHEN *THIS*  
GROUP WALKS THROUGH.

501





"WHAT MORE  
COULD YOU  
ASK FOR?"



"OH, YEAH,  
TUNES."

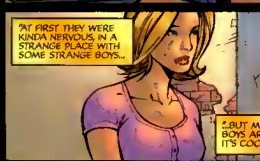


"INCUBUS. NOT MY PERSONAL  
FAVE, I LIKED 'EM BETTER  
BEFORE THEY SOLD OUT."



"OUR GIRLS DON'T  
MIND IT OR THE  
CHEAP BEER."

"THEY'RE  
DOING FINE."



"AT FIRST THEY WERE  
KINDA NERVOUS IN A  
STRANGE PLACE WITH  
SOME STRANGE BOYS..."



"...BUT MOST  
BOYS ARE SO  
IT'S COOL..."



"...AND FUN..."



"...AND HARMLESS..."



"THE FIRST GIRLS DEAD  
BEFORE HER FRIEND'S  
EVEN NOTICE



"THEY THINK  
IT'S A JOKE

"THEN THEY PRAY  
IT'S A JOKE

"AND THEY REALIZE SOMETIMES  
EXCITEMENT ISN'T ALL IT'S  
CRACKED UP TO BE.

"...AND SOMETIMES IT IS.

"THEN THEY THINK  
ABOUT THEIR MOMS  
AND DADS AND  
BOYFRIENDS AND  
CHOCOLATE CHIP  
ICE CREAM

"...AND THEN  
NOTHING AT ALL."



"BUT OF COURSE, OUR BOYS  
DON'T STOP THERE..."

"FOR THE NEXT HOUR OR SO, OUR  
HIP GOOD-LOOKING BOYS  
PROCEED TO DO THIS WONDERFUL  
PAINT JOB ON THE WALLS.

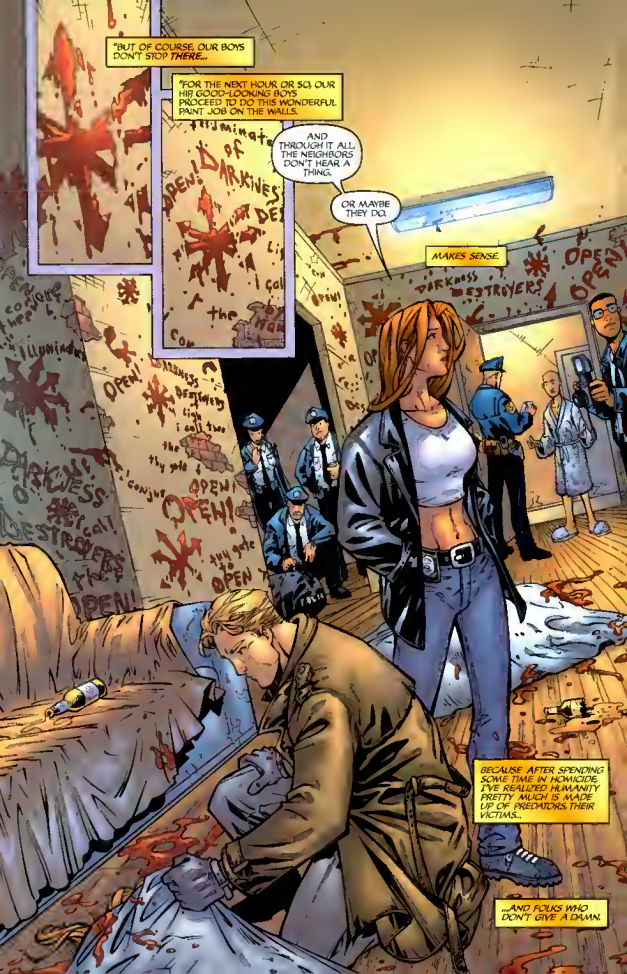
AND  
THROUGH IT ALL,  
THE NEIGHBORS  
DON'T HEAR A  
THING.

OR MAYBE  
THEY DO.

MAKES SENSE

BECAUSE AFTER SPENDING  
SOME TIME IN HOMICIDE,  
I'VE REALIZED HUMANITY  
PRETTY MUCH IS MADE  
UP OF PREDATORS, THEIR  
VICTIMS...

...AND FOLKS WHO  
DON'T GIVE A DAMN.



OUR JOB IS TO GET THE PREDATORS,  
PREFERABLY BEFORE THEY CAN DO  
SOMETHING LIKE THIS AGAIN.

ANY  
THOUGHTS?

YEAH, I THINK  
THESE GUYS ARE  
**WHACKED.**

THANKS,  
JAKE.

**NO!**

JESUS,  
**NO!!!**

SIR, I'M  
SORRY. DID  
YOU KNOW  
THE--?

IT'S GONNA  
TAKE **HOURS**  
TO CLEAN THIS  
PLACE UP!

MISTER  
SHAW'LL **KILL**  
ME IF HE SEES  
THIS!

WOW,  
GUYS A REAL  
SAMARITAN.

DADDY  
THERESA...

THIS IS A **CRIME**  
SCENE, SIR. IT WILL  
REMAIN UNTOUCHED  
UNTIL THE NYPD  
SAYS SO.

IF MISTER  
SHAW HAS ANY  
QUESTIONS OR  
COMMENTS, HE  
CAN CALL--  
WHO--?

**HEY! WAIT!  
HOLD IT!**

OFFICER,  
WHERE'D HE  
GO?

WHO  
MA'AM?

THAT TALL  
GUY-- IN THE  
TRENCHCOAT--  
**JUST NOW!!!**

UMM,  
NOBODY PASSED  
ME, MA'AM.  
SORRY.

ME TOO.



SOON...

HMM. OKAY. IT LOOKS LIKE THAT SYMBOL WITH ALL THE ARROWS, THAT WAS ON THE WALL, HAS QUITE THE HISTORY.

IN GREEK TIMES, IT WAS SAID TO REPRESENT ERIS, A GODDESS KNOWN AS "THE FORCE THAT MAKES CHANGE."

REALLY.

IN THE MIDDLE AGES, IT REPRESENTED CHAOS MAGIC. WORSHIPPERS BELIEVED THEY COULD COMMUNICATE WITH THE DEHIZENS OF HELL SOMEHOW.

WERE THOSE GIRLS PART OF SOME RITUAL SLAYING?

MAYBE.

MAGIC-- FOR THE WIN--

3-21--

KOBE FROM THE CORNER...

DAMN.

DAMN!

CHECK OUT THE SIDE OF THE BASKET, JAKE.

YOU THINK IT WORKS FOR LAKER FANS?

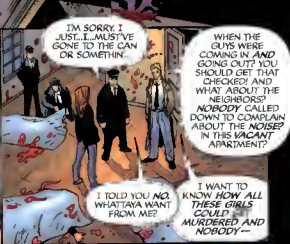
SWISH

NOW LET'S GET TO WORK BEFORE OUR PERPS DO--

SORRY, PEZZING, BUT YOU'RE TOO LATE FOR THAT...

DAMN...







OKAY, BUDDY, YOU'RE NOT GETTING OUT OF MY SIGHT THIS TIME.



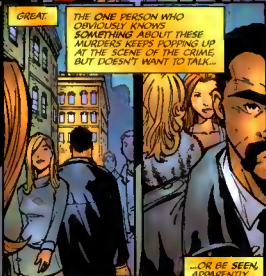
I HOPE...



HEY!

SORRY.

WATCH IT!



GREAT.

THE ONE PERSON WHO OBVIOUSLY KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT THESE MURDERS KEEPS POPPING UP AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, BUT DOESN'T WANT TO TALK...

...OR BE SEEN, APPARENTLY.



COME TO THINK ABOUT IT, NOBODY SEEMS TO NOTICE HIM, EXCEPT ME.

AND I THINK HE KNOWS THAT.

HE'S OBVIOUSLY IN  
NO RUSH TO GET  
AWAY RIGHT NOW.

WHAT'S  
HIS DEAL?

IT'S  
LIKE  
HE'S...

OH, MY  
GOD!!!

HEY!  
LOOKOUT  
FOR--

VRROOOM

-- THAT  
CAB?

WHAT AM I  
GETTING INTO  
NOW...?

GET OUTTA  
THE STREET YA  
PSYCHO!!!

...A GHOST.



NOW THAT'S  
AN INTERESTING  
POSSIBILITY.

I COULD  
JUST BE GOING  
INSANE.

THAT WOULD EXPLAIN  
WHY I SPEND SO MUCH  
TIME TALKING TO MYSELF.

HMM.  
THIS IS  
WEIRD.

AND GETTING  
WEIRDER BY  
THE SECOND.

WHAT HAVE  
YOU DISCOVERED,  
VIRGIL?

JUST LIKE THE  
LAST ONE, LADY D.  
THREE DEAD GIRLS, THOSE  
SYMBOLS AND WORDS  
WRITTEN ON THE WALLS IN  
BLOOD, AND THAT LADY  
DETECTIVE...

...THE ONE  
WHO CAN  
SEE ME.

SHE KNOWS  
THERE'S SOMETHIN'  
WEIRD ABOUT THIS  
CASE, TOO. THINKS  
I'M INVOLVED.

AIN'T THAT  
RIGHT-- SARA,  
IS IT?

YEAH, THAT'S  
RIGHT-- VIRGIL,  
IS IT?







KRAK  
SHH  
H

THIS IS NOT WHAT  
I WANT TO BE  
DOING RIGHT NOW.

DEATHBLADE...

I WISH I KNEW WHAT IT  
WAS TALKING ABOUT AT  
LEAST SOME OF THE TIME.

ENOUGH!  
YOU'RE GONNA  
GET ME KILLED!

STOP IT,  
WITCHBLADE!

AH, SO YOU  
CAN CONTROL  
YOUR WEAPON.

YES...

...I CAN.

SOMETIMES.

I APOLOGIZE  
FOR MY INTERFERENCE.  
I ONLY CAME HERE  
BECAUSE I THOUGHT  
YOU AND FRIENDS WERE  
HAD SOME INSIGHT INTO THE  
KILLERS, AND IT SEEMS  
YOU DO, TOO, WHO  
ARE YOU BY THE  
WAY?

LADY  
DEATH.

I'M NOT  
FROM THIS  
PLACE.

NO, I  
FIGURED THAT  
PART OUT.

AND I'M UNSURE  
WHY I'VE BEEN SENT  
HERE OR WHAT I'M  
SUPPOSED TO DO, BUT THOSE  
MURDERS, I FELT THEM.  
HAPPENING. I BELIEVE THEY  
ARE PART OF SOMETHING  
GREATER.

THE WORDS THEY  
ARE THE ROOT OF IT  
ALL. I KNOW THEM. I MAY  
HAVE USED THEM-- BUT I  
CANNOT REMEMBER  
WHY.

EXCUSE ME,  
HELLO, PEZZINI--

REALLY,  
EXCELLENT. YEARN,  
I HAVE SOME NEW  
LEADS TOO, OKAY.  
WE'LL MEET  
THERE.

BEEEEP  
BEEEEP

LADY DEATH AND HER PARTNER, CASPER. I DEFINITELY HAVE MORE QUESTIONS FOR THOSE TWO— LIKE WHY THE SYMBOL ON HER SWORD MATCHES THE ONES ON THE WALLS OF THE MURDER SCENES... I HAVE AN ISSUE WITH SWORDS.

...OKAY... MAAA  
HMM... MAAA  
HMM... OH THAT'S  
TOO BAD. THAT'S  
REALLY TOO  
BAD!

NOW THANKS TO SOME  
EXCELLENT DETECTIVE WORK BY  
JAKE OUR INVESTIGATION HAS  
LED US TO QUENTIN SHAW  
PRESIDENT AND C.E.O. OF SHAW  
HOLDINGS, A POSITION HE  
INHERITED FROM HIS FATHER,  
WHO INHERITED IT FROM HIS  
FATHER, AND THE OWNER OF  
BOTH BUILDINGS WHERE THE  
MURDERS TOOK PLACE.

...YES... YES,  
BUT DO YOU  
KNOW WHAT THE  
PROBLEM IS? HERE'S  
THE PROBLEM.

TWICE VOTED WORLD'S MOST  
ELIGIBLE BILLIONAIRE BACHELOR.  
I HAVE AN ISSUE WITH  
BILLIONAIRE BACHELORS TOO.

THE PROBLEM  
IS, YOU'RE NOT  
HERE IN FRONT OF  
ME, SO I COULD PUT  
MY FIST DOWN YOUR  
THROAT AND TEAR  
YOUR BALLS OFF!

I'LL TAKE CARE  
OF IT DENNIS. YOU'RE  
FIRED. YOU CAN LEAVE  
YOUR BALLS WITH MY  
SECRETARY

WHAT DO  
YOU TWO  
WANT?

MR. SHAW?

AH, YES. MY  
NAME ON THE  
BUILDING MUST'VE  
GIVEN IT AWAY.

THAT AND  
YOUR COFFEE MUG.  
I'M DETECTIVE PEZZINI,  
AND THIS IS DETECTIVE  
MC CARTHY. WE NEED TO  
ASK YOU A FEW  
QUESTIONS.

DO YOU KNOW  
OF ANYONE WHO  
WOULD WANT TO HURT  
YOUR REPUTATION SO  
MUCH THAT THEY'D BE  
WILLING TO DO  
SOMETHING LIKE  
THIS?

LOOK IT'S  
POSSIBLE THAT  
SOMEONE *INSIDE* YOUR  
ORGANIZATION IS BEHIND  
THIS. I MEAN, WHO ELSE  
WOULD KNOW WHICH  
APARTMENTS WERE  
VACANT?

ABOUT THE  
MURDERS IN MY  
BUILDINGS, I IMAGINE  
I'M ALREADY AWARE  
THAT THE NYPD IS STAKING  
OUT MY BUILDINGS IN HOPE  
OF FINDING THE  
PERPETRATORS— AND I'M  
SURE THAT WILL DO  
WONDERS FOR MY  
PROPERTY VALUE.  
ANYTHING ELSE?

MY  
SECRETARY  
KEEPS A LIST.  
IT'S CALLED  
THE PHONE  
BOOK.

NOW, IF  
YOU'LL  
EXCUSE  
US...

WE'RE ONLY  
TRYING TO *HELP*  
HERE, BUT YOU'RE  
TOO BUSY ACTING  
LIKE A DI...

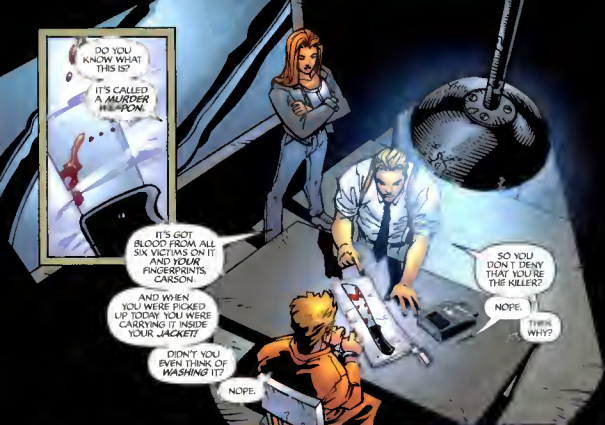
ENOUGH,  
JAKE.

YES, THAT IS  
QUITE ENOUGH,  
JAKE.

BECAUSE  
APPARENTLY YOU  
DETECTIVES HAVE BEEN  
TOO BUSY *DETECTING* TO  
REALIZE YOUR KILLERS  
HAVE ALREADY BEEN  
APPREHENDED.

BEEP  
BEEP

MAYBE YOU  
SHOULD ANSWER  
YOUR CELL PHONE,  
DETECTIVE...



DO YOU  
KNOW WHAT  
THIS IS?

IT'S CALLED  
A MURDER  
WEAPON.

IT'S GOT  
BLOOD FROM ALL  
SIX VICTIMS ON IT  
AND YOUR  
FINGERPRINTS, CARSON.

AND WHEN  
YOU WERE PICKED  
UP TODAY YOU WERE  
CARRYING IT INSIDE  
YOUR JACKET?

DIDN'T YOU  
EVEN THINK OF  
WASHING IT?

NOPE.

SO YOU  
DON'T DENY  
THAT YOU'RE  
THE KILLER?

NOPE.

THEN  
WHY?



Y'EVER KILL  
ANYONE? IT'S  
PRETTY COOL.



...  
JESUS,  
SARA...



POOR JAKE. SOMETIMES  
I FORGET THAT HE'S STILL  
PRETTY RAW. YOU EXPECT  
THE PERPS TO DENY THEIR  
GUILT— OR AT LEAST BE  
A TINY BIT REMORSEFUL IF  
THEY ADMIT IT. NOT... THIS.



I SEE IT AS  
AFTERLIFE  
INSURANCE!

MAKES YA  
SICK. DON'T  
IT?

WHEN I WAS  
ON THE JOB AND  
SAW CRAP LIKE THIS  
MADE ME WANNA  
SHOOT THE  
PARENTS!

AMEN...





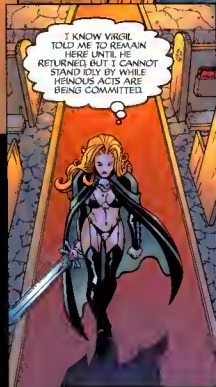
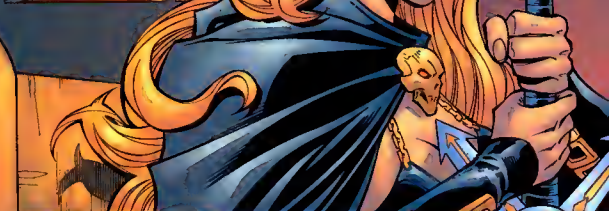
MEANWHILE...

SOMETHING IS AMISS.



VIRGIL CLAIMS THE MURDERERS HAVE BEEN CAPTURED, BUT I FEAR THIS ORDEAL HAS NOT YET SUBSIDED.

NO, THE FEELING HAS RETURNED. THE INFERNAL INCANTATION HAS BEGUN ANEW.



I KNOW VIRGIL TOLD ME TO REMAIN HERE UNTIL HE RETURNED, BUT I CANNOT STAND IDLY BY WHILE HEINOUS ACTS ARE BEING COMMITTED.

"ESPECIALLY SINCE I FEAR THOSE ACTS HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH ME..."

"...AND WHEREVER I HAIL FROM."



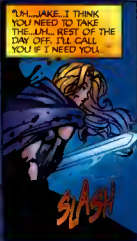
DUDE-- REMEMBER THE MAN SAID WE GOTTA GET THIS EXACTLY RIGHT!



YEAH, YEAH, I GOT IT COVERED. I ASK THY GATE TO OPEN, OPEN TO ME, BLAH BLAH BLAH.

HEY, DO YOU GUYS HEAR SOMETHING...









POLICE!!!

HOLD IT  
RIGHT  
THERE!

OH, MY  
GOD! WHAT  
DID YOU  
DO?



OH, NO.  
I STILL FEEL IT:  
THE EMANATIONS  
ARE GROWING  
STRONGER

WHAT  
HAVE THEY  
DONE?



DROP THE  
WEAPON AND GET  
ON THE FLOOR.  
NOW!



STOP OR  
WE'LL  
SHOOT!



WHAT THE  
HELL IS GOING  
ON?

YOU SEE  
HER DOWN  
THERE? SHE  
DEAD?

NO, SHE  
DISAPPEARED.  
JESUS.



I WAS HOPIN' SHE'D BE BACK BY NOW.

I SHOULDN'A LEFT HER, THESE KILLINGS HAVE HER ALL FREAKED OUT, THERE'S NO TELLIN' WHERE SHE WENT.

BUT I GUESS A FREAKY DRESSED CHICK WITH A BIG SWORD RUNNING AROUND IS BOUND TO GET NOTICED.



TELL ME ABOUT IT.



WHAT'S HER DEAL, VIRGIL? I CAN'T HONESTLY SAY SHE'S OFF MY LIST OF SUSPECTS..

SHE'S ALL RIGHT, SARA. JUST A BIT CONFUSED S'ALL. DON'T GET ME WRONG -- SINCE I MET HER I'VE SEEN A LOT OF WEIRD S@#T COME OUR WAY, BUT SHE'S STRAIGHT UP.



AND I GOTTA FIGURE THAT WHEREVER SHE IS, SHE COULD USE OUR HELP.

BUT NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT, IT'S NOT GONNA BE SO HARD TO FIND HER.

NO...



YOU THINK EVERYONE IS SEEING THIS.

ONLY IF THEY HAVE THAT SHOWING THEM THE WAY...



I CONJURE  
THEE HERE,  
BEFORE ME, IN  
VISIBLE SHADOW!  
I CALL TO  
THEE!



ILLUMINATORS  
OF DARKNESS,  
DESTRUCTORS OF  
LIGHT! I CALL TO  
THEE!



BY THE NAME  
WHICH I WAS  
GIVEN, I ASK THY  
GATE TO OPEN!  
OPEN TO ME!

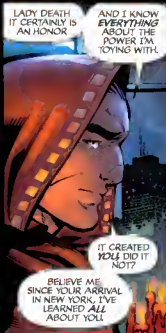


I CONJURE  
THEE HERE, BEFORE  
ME IN VISIBLE  
SHADOW! I...

...HAVE A  
VISITOR.



YOU HAVE  
ABSOLUTELY NO  
IDEA OF THE  
POWER YOU ARE  
TOYING WITH.



LADY DEATH  
IT CERTAINLY IS  
AN HONOR

AND I KNOW  
**EVERYTHING**  
ABOUT THE  
POWER I'M  
TOYING WITH.

IT CREATED  
YOU DID IT  
NOT?

BELIEVE ME,  
SINCE YOUR ARRIVAL  
IN NEW YORK, I'VE  
LEARNED **ALL**  
ABOUT YOU.



A POOR, HELPLESS LITTLE GIRL,  
TORTURED AND ABUSED BY  
HER FATHER—WHO FOLLOWED  
HIM INTO HELL AS SHE WAS  
BURNED AT THE STAKE—  
BY CHANTING THESE  
VERY WORDS!

I ALWAYS KNEW  
I'D MEET MY DAD IN  
HELL, BUT BEFORE YOU  
CAME ALONG, I'D NEVER  
REALIZED I'D BE ABLE  
TO FINALLY GET  
BACK AT HIM.

THANK YOU  
BY THE WAY FOR  
THOSE FINAL FEW  
SACRIFICES. SAVED  
ME SOME  
TIME!

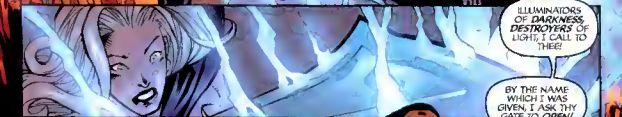
NOW LEAVE  
ME ALONE, I'M A  
BUSY MAN!



STOP! YOU  
MONSTER!!!  
STOP THIS!

I CONJURE  
THEE HERE,  
BEFORE ME, IN  
VISIBLE SHADOW! I  
CALL TO THEE!

KRAZZZZZZZZ



ILLUMINATORS  
OF DARKNESS,  
DESTROYERS OF  
LIGHT, I CALL TO  
THEE!

BY THE NAME  
WHICH I WAS  
GIVEN, I ASK THY  
GATE TO OPEN!



OPEN  
TO ME!



OPEN  
TO ME.


MMMMMM,  
DO YOU FEEL  
THAT?

THAT IS  
REAL POWER.





LOOKS MORE  
TME LIKE YOU'RE  
REAL CRAZY?

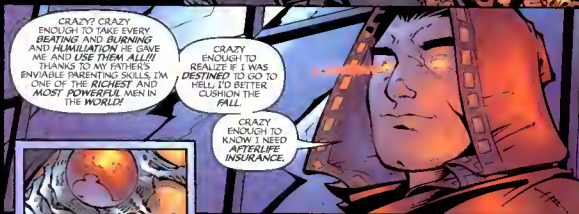


I GOTTA AGREE  
WITH THE GHOST, HERE,  
QUENTIN. AND I CAN'T  
EVEN SAY I'M SURPRISED  
THAT YOU'RE BEHIND  
ALL THIS.

IT SEEMS *EVERY*  
RICH AND POWERFUL  
BUSINESSMAN IN NEW  
YORK HAS SOME DEEP DARK  
SECRET THAT INSPIRES HIM TO  
PLAY DRESS-UP AND SAY  
STUPID SHIT BEHIND CLOSED  
DOORS, AND THAT MY  
FRIEND, MAKES YOU  
CRAZY.

YOU OKAY,  
LADY D?

I BELIEVE  
SO, VIRGIL



CRAZY? CRAZY  
ENOUGH TO TAKE EVERY  
BEATING AND BURNING  
AND HUMILIATION HE GAVE  
ME AND USE THEM ALL!!!  
THANKS TO MY FATHER'S  
ENVIABLE PARENTING SKILLS, I'M  
ONE OF THE RICHEST AND  
MOST POWERFUL MEN IN  
THE WORLD!

CRAZY  
ENOUGH TO  
REALIZE IF I WAS  
DESTINED TO GO TO  
HELL, I'D BETTER  
CUSHION THE  
FALL.


CRAZY  
ENOUGH TO  
KNOW I NEED  
AFTERLIFE  
INSURANCE.



DEATH...

THAT'S  
WHAT THAT  
KILLER  
SAID!

SO YOU  
FOUND KIDS WHO  
WERE PATHETIC AND  
HOPELESS JUST LIKE  
YOU WERE.



YOU PREYED ON THAT  
AND CONVINCED THEM THEIR  
LIVES WERE ALREADY SPENT,  
SOLD THEM A BILL OF GOODS  
ABOUT AFTERLIFE INSURANCE  
AND TALKED THEM INTO  
MURDERING FOR YOU.

I'M SORRY, BUT  
JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE  
A GOOD SALESMAN  
DOESN'T MEAN YOU'RE  
NOT CRAZY!



THAT'S  
WHAT I'M  
SAYIN'?



...BLADE!





BE QUIET,  
ALL OF YOU!  
YOU'LL RUIN THE  
MOMENT.

WHAT MOMENT?  
THE MOMENT I  
ARREST YOU?  
...

RRUMMMBBLLEEE

NO...

WHO HAS  
SUMMONED  
ME?

...THIS  
MOMENT.

WAS IT  
YOU?

DO YOU WISH  
TO BE MY LIEGE  
AGAIN?

SRR  
RS  
SHH

YOU  
RECOGNIZE  
THIS THING?

HE IS A  
DENIZEN OF  
HELL.

I FIGURED  
THAT MUCH.

PERHAPS HE  
WAS ONE OF  
MY SUBJECTS.

YOU  
RULED  
HELL?

MUST'VE  
MISSED THAT  
CHAPTER AT  
SUNDAY  
SCHOOL!

YES, MY LADY.  
I SERVED IN YOUR  
FATHER'S ARMY  
AND YOU  
SUBJUGATED ME  
DURING YOUR  
CONQUEST OF  
HELL.

I ENDURED  
MILLENNIA OF  
TORMENT AT YOUR  
BEHEST! AND NOW  
YOU SUMMON  
ME?

NOT HER,  
IDIOT! ME! I  
SUMMONED YOU!  
NOW BOW  
BEFORE ME, MY  
SERVANT.

OF COURSE,  
MASTER.

I OFFER YOU  
THE MORTAL LADY  
DEATH AS A  
SACRIFICE. IN RETURN  
YOU SHALL DO MY  
BIDDING.

I SEE...

BECAUSE I  
COMMAND  
IT!!!

AND WHY  
SHOULD I  
SERVE YOU?

THW  
OOM



I THINK YOU  
SHOULD BE NICER  
TO YOUR SUBJECTS,  
MASTER.

IF YOU DO NOT  
WISH ANY HARM TO  
BEFALL YOU.



AND WHERE  
WOULD THIS  
HARM COME  
FROM? YOU?

HAVE YOU NOT  
NOTICED THE  
PENTAGRAM I'M  
STANDING IN?



OH, YES, VERY  
IMPRESSIVE.  
YOU'VE STUDIED  
WELL.



THANK YOU!  
NOW--



UNFORTUNATELY,  
PENTAGRAMS WERE  
DESIGNED FOR USE ON  
THE EARTH -- NOT  
THESE STRUCTURES  
THAT SOAR HIGH IN  
THE AIR...

...THEY MAY  
PROTECT YOU  
FROM A FRONTAL  
ATTACK, OR EVEN  
FROM ABOVE...



...BUT SOME  
SIDES AREN'T  
QUITE SO  
SHIELDED...

I -- JUST  
WANTED YOU  
TO HELP ME GET  
TO HELL...

OH,  
I WILL...





WHEN WE  
LAST FOUGHT  
YOU WERE A  
GODDESS...

...NOW  
YOU ARE  
NOTHING.

WHACK

YOUR VAUNTED  
SWORD APOCALYPSE  
HAS NO EFFECT ON MY  
HELL-BORN HIDE.

LAY OFF  
HER!

DEATH...  
BLADE.

EVER SINCE I  
MET YOU, THE  
WITCHBLADE'S BEEN  
FREAKING OUT  
GOING AFTER YOUR  
SWORD.

I THOUGHT IT  
WANTED TO FIGHT  
YOU, LIKE IT DOES  
EVERYONE ELSE, SO  
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO  
HOLD IT BACK.

DEATHBLADE.

BUT NOW,  
I'M THINKING  
IT'S TIME TO  
LET IT GO.

WHAT'S THE  
WORST THAT  
COULD HAPPEN?



I DON'T TELL HER  
THE WORST THAT  
COULD HAPPEN.

LUCKILY I  
DON'T HAVE TO.



DEATHBLADE!!!

BRACE YOURSELF

YOU CANNOT  
HARM ME!  
VENGEANCE IS  
MINE!!!

THIS ISN'T  
GONNA BE  
PRETTY.

IT NEVER IS...



DIEEEEOOULLPPH???

BUT I...

...AM  
IMPERVIOUS...



...TO YOUR  
SWORD???

AAAAA!!!  
E...










FOR A MOMENT  
I WONDER IF I'LL  
SURVIVE THE FALL.



THE WITCHBLADE  
REMAINDS ME THAT WAS  
A STUPID QUESTION

SKRAKK

TH-DAK



AS LONG AS IT'S  
WITH ME A 40-STORY  
DROP IS NOTHING.

I LIKE THAT  
ABOUT THE  
WITCHBLADE.

HEY, PEZ.



FUN DAY?

OH,  
THE  
BEST

YOUR FRIEND  
HERE, IS IN SOME  
TROUBLE WITH THE NYPD.  
I PROBABLY *SHOULD* TAKE  
HER IN. WORD HAS IT SHE'S  
A KILLER AND EVADED  
POLICE CAPTURE BY  
JUMPING OUT A  
WINDOW.

SEEMS TO BE  
THE THING TO  
DO, TODAY.

SHE'S ALL  
RIGHT,  
JAKE.

SO, AS I WAS  
SAYING, A CRAPLOAD  
OF COPS AND EMERGENCY  
SERVICE WORKERS'LL BE HERE  
IN SECONDS, AND THEY'RE  
GONNA BE ASKING  
QUESTIONS ABOUT WHAT  
THE HELL WAS GOING ON  
UP THERE..



...SO...

WHAT'LL  
YOU TELL  
'EM, JAKE?

DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT THAT. JUST  
GO-- AND TAKE  
YOUR FRIENDS  
WITH YOU..



I THANK JAKE  
AND TELL HIM TO TAKE  
CARE OF SHAW..

...AND I SAY MY GOOD-  
BYES TO LADY DEATH  
AND VIRGIL SOLOMON..



...AND AS WE GO  
OUR SEPERATE WAYS..

...I THINK ABOUT THE WITCHBLADE  
AND HOW IT ADHERED ITSELF TO  
LADY DEATH AND HER SWORD  
ALMOST GLEEFULLY.



I WONDER WHY IT WOULD BE  
SO ENAMORED WITH THESE  
BEINGS FROM HELL -- AND  
JUST WHAT DOES THAT MEAN  
ABOUT ITS OWN ORIGINS.

HMM, MAYBE I  
DON'T WANT TO KNOW THE  
ANSWER TO  
THAT ONE.

END